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From Godey's Lady's Book. TO AN EVERGREEN.

Once beautiful, and stately in thy growth,
Thou perishest evergreen: I propped thee now,
And faded—crushed to earth—no love nor care,
No dew nor gentle rain, can give thee back
The life forever gone.
Yet hast thou had thy uses here—and well
Hast thou disclosed thy embassy to all:
Thy little term of years was marked by good,
And free as heaven bestowed its gifts on thee,
So freely hast thou yielded sweet return.
Thy budding beauty charmed the eager eye:
Thy spreading boughs were sought by weary
feet;
And 'neath the shelter of thy branches low,
Young flowers took root and blossomed in the
shade.
Birds warbled as they hopped from spray to
spray;
At early morn, ere yet the sun had robbed
Thee of the emerald diamonds on thy emerald
leaves,
The robin came to carol forth its song—
A burst of melody outgushing free.
Perchance it would have chosen here a nook
In which to build a nest, and rear its young,
Had fate not scattered with a ruthless hand
Its hopes, and sent the wand'ring forth to roam,
Emblem of sorrow! type of blighted hopes!
Torn from thy native soil, to please the eye
And save the pride of one who little cared
To watch thee with well loving heed, and shield
Thee till loosed to thy new-found home.
And she whom thy sad doom has imaged forth
Made glad the hearts of many in her youth—
With gentle grace and beauty, winning all
Who came within her sphere of purity.
There was a look of sweetness in her face;
A touch of beauty in her rounded form;
A world of love in those deep, tender eyes,
Which seemed to speak of heaven's life.
She was the victim, lost the earthly form
Lies mouldering and mingling with the earth—
Her mission (may be only half revealed,
But fraught with good to balance evil ill.
A life not wasted utterly—Ah, who
Shall dare to say she lived and loved in vain?
The patient heart can bear and will live on;
With faith and trust in him who cares for all:
Till with a vision, as of face to face,
Not darkly through a glass he looks beyond
The gaze of mortal eye, and sees for each
And every shade a gleam of heavenly light—
And over all a father's watchful love.

From the Waverley Magazine. NELLIE MAYLAND; OR THE POOR LOVER.

It was on a bright evening in June; the
moon had already risen, and was pouring
forth its bright fulgure of light, as I strolled
out to take a calm survey of nature's own
handiwork. Everything around me looked
joy and pleasure. The stores were illumined
with gas, and the windows filled with
choice articles, while the streets were crowded
with the gay and busy throng, who were
hastening to scenes of gaiety, or else of merrily
untold, and which my pen would fail to
describe. How many thoughts occur to the
mind, as we gaze over the vast assemblage
of persons that are generally seen on Broad-
way. There are the rich and the poor, the
pious and the vilest and most profane persons
in existence. No wonder, then, that I turned
into a by-street to find a more secluded
walk.

I had not proceeded far, when, an uncanny
of where my feet were taking me, I turned
into Fifth Avenue. I was soon broken from
my reverie by a piercing shriek and a voice
so full of entreaty and supplication that even
the most hard-hearted in the world would
have been softened by it. I soon retraced
my steps to find out, if possible, who it was
in so much distress and trouble. I had not
gone far before I saw the object of my search.
She was standing by the window of house
No. —, Fifth Avenue, weeping bitterly, and
ever and anon a stifled groan would escape
from her tightly compressed lips.

But let us refer back to the former part of
her history. At the early age of ten she lost
her best friend in the person of her mother.
She was a pious woman, and died in the full
assurance of soon seeing her Saviour. Many
times had she breathed a heartfelt prayer for
her darling Nellie, her only child. Her last
words were addressed to her husband, and
was as follows:

"George, take care of Nellie; bring her up
in the way that she should go, and oh! fit her
to meet me in heaven. Exercise over her a
faithful, motherly care, and God grant that I
may at least meet my darling in a happier
world."

Here the dying woman sank back into her
husband's arms exhausted, and was soon
sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. She
was a great favorite among all, and her loss
was sincerely mourned.

Let us now skip over the elapse of six long
years and again present Mr. Mayland and
Nellie to the view. It is the night on which
our story commences. Mr. Mayland was
seated in his arm chair near the fire. He is,
we should judge by the nervous movement of
his hands, the extreme paleness of his face,
and the quick, excited glances which he casts
on his daughter and then on a beautiful por-
trait over the mantle, quite excited. Yes; six
years ago that night the original of that por-
trait was giving him her dying words. Had
he fulfilled the promise he so solemnly made
to her that well-remembered night? Had he
done all that could be done for that daugh-
ter's future welfare? He thought so; he had
bestowed on her a liberal education, and that
he thought was sufficient.

The firm to which Mr. Mayland was attached
had lately failed, and he was now with only
five hundred dollars that he could call his
own. It was a great trial for that proud man
to be thus reduced. But let us see what Nel-
lie is about; she has left the window, and is
now reclining on the sofa. Her dress is that
of a watered silk, made low in the neck, which
betrays the full symmetry of her form; and
the constant heaving of her bosom plainly
shows that she is laboring under some ner-
vous excitement.

Nellie was what might be called a beauti-
ful and lovely girl; she possessed all those
rare and lovely qualities which adorn a wom-
an. Her eyes were of a jet black, and her
hair hung in ringlets around her well formed
head and neck. The silence which had pre-
vailed in the room for at least half an hour
was at last broken by her father, who said:
"Nellie, do you still persist in disobeying
me? You know my wish, and I now await
your answer."

"Father, my answer is the same. I can
not, shall not marry James Whitson. I hate
the very sight of him. He is a villain, a mid-
night assassin, a robber, and, worst of all, a
libertine. Father, would you see me the wife
of such a man—you, my father?" And, seeing
that her talking had greatly moved her parent,
she ran, and, putting her arms around his
neck, kissed and entreated him to forgive her,
but not to make her marry such a man.

Well Mr. Mayland knew that what his
daughter had said was true; well did he know
that Mr. Whitson was a libertine of the black-
est stamp. But he was rich; and Mr. May-
land thought that, by his forming an alliance
with his daughter, he would again be on the
same footing with his friends as formerly; so,
rudely pushing his daughter away, he told
her that if she could not comply with his wish-
es never to let him see her again.

"Good girl!" said he; "to see your father
starve, when you might easily have helped
it."

"Oh!" cried she, "take back those cruel
words; I will work, and work hard, too; I
will work the flesh of my hands to help you;
but oh! I cannot marry that villain."

"Nellie, I say you shall marry him, and
that, too, within one month. I have told
James that you should be his, and I shall not
break my promise. I have said it, and my
word shall be kept. Now retire to your room
and seek repose. One month from to-night
will see you the happy wife of James Whit-
son, and will see me the same rich man as of
old."

"O, father!" was all the poor girl could
say; and, leaving the room, she hurried to
her own apartment to give vent to her pent-up
feelings. Weep on, poor girl; better days
are in store for thee!

A few moments after she had been in her
room she heard the door-bell ring; she knew
too well who it was. James Whitson was ad-
mitted into the presence of her father, who
warmly welcomed his future son-in-law, as he
thought he would soon commence calling him.
After a few moments' conversation about
business affairs in general, James asked after
Nellie.

"She is very obstinate, James, and says
that nothing would induce her to marry you.
But she shall; I will not be disobeyed. James,
she shall be yours. I solemnly swear it. But
I would be a wife now, my son; call to-mor-
row evening, and then she shall see you, too.
Be not discouraged."

"Your words have given me encouragement,
Mr. May— or father, I shall now
call you, for that name is far dearer. Good
night. Give my compliments to Mrs. Nellie,"
and, tossing his hat, he politely left.

Remember, father that man and you will see
him enter one of the lowest dens of iniquity
in New York. But let us look into Nellie's
room.

After reaching her room, she threw her-
self on the sofa and there wept like a child—
Not long, however, had she thus to weep, for,
in about fifteen minutes, a strong manly arm
was thrown around her, a face full of love
and devotion was looking at her, and fond
endearing words were falling upon her ear—
All her trouble was forgotten; and, throwing
her arms around his neck, she murmured:

"O, Henry, I will not marry him; I
would die first. Yes, Henry, are all I
love!"

But I think it is time we had introduced
this unknown Henry to our readers. About
six months before our story commences, a
young man from Philadelphia came to New
York, and was engaged as book-keeper in
one of the large wholesale dry goods stores
where Nellie used to do the most of her shop-
ping. There was what might be called love
at first sight. He, through one of the clerks,
obtained an introduction, and thus the friend-
ship, which at first existed between them, rip-
ened into love.

Nellie had often told Henry Montgomery
of her father's repeated wishes for her to marry
James Whitson. But never before had he been
so plain in talking as on that evening. Nellie
had bribed Bridget to let Mr. Montgo-
mery in without her father's knowledge; and
now, as Mr. Mayland is soundly sleep-
ing, let us listen to the lovers' conversation.

"Henry," said Nellie, as she lay in his
arms, with her head resting on his shoulder
and her arms lovingly entwined around his
neck, "my father has this evening said that
one month from to-night I shall marry James
Whitson. He says that you are a poor clerk,
and that James is rich and can live without
work."

"Well, Nellie dear, you see your father
has spoken the truth; I cannot make you so
happy in worldly goods as James can, but I
can give you a heart pure and unsullied—
O, Nellie, I can't never tell my love for you;
but if your father says you must marry Mr.
Whitson, I suppose I shall have to give you
up."

A peculiar smile rested on his face as he
pronounced Mr. Whitson's name, which
Nellie, seeing, asked what it meant.

"You shall see, my love; time will tell."
But he had got her curiosity aroused, and he
must answer her question. So, after making
her promise she would not tell, and sealing
that promise with a kiss, he commenced:

"When my father died, he left his for-
tune, which was very large, to me, as I was
the only child. Shortly after he made his
will I left home, expecting to return in two
months; but business detained me six months.
I went, in the meantime, ten letters home, but
did not receive answers to only the two first
ones. I was fearful that my father had been
taken sick, so I wrote to an old friend of

mine, residing in the same neighborhood.—
He wrote me an answer, stating that my
father's health was not very good, but that
my cousin, George Lockwood, was with him,
and bestowing upon him all necessary atten-
tion. I did not hear anything more until, at
the expiration of six months, I returned home
to find my father dead and my cousin duly
installed with his parents in the house which
he now occupies, and claiming it as his own.
I then went to work, resolving that I would
have what lawfully belonged to me; but it
was not until yesterday that I found out my
cousin's dishonorable actions. We have al-
ways been on friendly terms, so, when I came
home from the office, I called in and asked
James if he would let me have a book from
the library. That library, Nellie, used to be
my father's. Having selected the book I
wanted, I went home to my room and com-
menced reading. I got very much interest-
ed in the book, as it was one my father thought
a great deal of. While turning the leaves I
found two letters. On one it said, 'The last
will of Peter Montgomery.' The other was a
letter addressed to my father. I put down
my book and opened them. What was my
surprise and indignation, on reading the let-
ter, to find that George Lockwood, my cousin,
had forged a letter to my father, stating my
death, and thus causing the old man to change
his will in my cousin's favor."

"I have not said anything about this before.
And now, Nellie, let me tell you that James
Whitson and George Lockwood are the same.
His false whiskers and mustache cannot de-
ceive me. He does not know me, as it is ten
years since he saw me, and time has made
changes with us both. I have thought of a
good plan. To-morrow evening you must re-
ceive James and treat him with all the cordi-
ality possible; and when he wants you to set-
tle a wedding-day, put only a week ahead, and
I will have matters arranged."

"O, Henry, I will do anything for your
sake; but I cannot see your motive in wish-
ing me to do that; please explain."

"If you then told her we could have an offi-
cer and two or three others, and he would
bring the forged letter and the will, and when
the minister got to the part 'If there is any
one present,' &c., he would stop the mar-
riage, and would bring sufficient proof."

"O, good! I cannot!" exclaimed Nellie;
"I will not say him to-morrow night, won't
I?"

"Not love," continued Henry, "it is now
twelve o'clock, and I must not have you sit-
ting up late; do not let me catch you crying
any more. I will be here again in two days;
so take this until I come;" and, heartily im-
printing two or three kisses on her lips, which
were also returned, he left the house as hap-
py as he could wish.

The next day was very lively, and
kept her father dreading as to whether she
was in her right mind or not. In the evening
James came. Nellie appeared cheer-
ful, and seemed quite interested when they
were talking about the wedding, which was
agreed upon to take place that week night.
James went home with feeling as one could
describe (Mr. Mayland's joy knew no bounds;
while Nellie's disguise was complete).

The day at last arrived. Only two or
three were invited. Henry and his compan-
ions were there the first ones. Nellie looked
perfectly charming in her bridal dress, and
her eyes wandered to get a glimpse of Hen-
ry. What if he should have not been there!
Oh! the idea was enough. But when he saw
him, and his reassuring look was sufficient.
The ceremony had commenced, but it was
stopped by Henry, who stepped forward with
letter and will in hand. James instantly re-
cognized them, and fell a corpse to the floor.
The matter was explained on the spot, and
the next day was carried before court, where
it was duly attended to.

Henry Montgomery is now the rich mil-
lionaire, while Nellie Mayland of old is now
Nellie Montgomery. Mr. Mayland lives
with his two children, and is dearly loved by
the little ones who call him grandfather.

A MERCHANT'S CLERK AND THE PLOUGH
BOY.—The young man who leaves the farm-
field for the merchant's desk or the doctor's
office, thinking to dignify or ennoble his toil,
makes a sad mistake. He passes, by that
step, from independence to vassalage. He
becomes a natural for an artificial pursuit, and
he must be the slave of the caprice of cus-
tomers and the chicane of trade, either to sup-
port himself, or to acquire a fortune. The
more artificial a man's pursuit, the more de-
basement it is morally and physically. To test
it, contrast the merchant's clerk with the plow
boy. The former may have the most exterior
polish, but the latter, under his rough outside,
possesses the truer stamina. He is the freer,
frank, happier and nobler man. Would
that young men might judge of the dignity of
labor by its usefulness and manliness, rather
than by the superficial glossiness it wears. There
fore we never see a man's nobility in his kid
gloves and toilet adornments, but in that sin-
gular arm, whose outline, browned by the sun,
between a hardy, honest toiler, under whose
farmer's or mechanic's vest the kingliest heart
may beat.—*Harvard Magazine.*

MORAL GREATNESS.—Only moral greatness
is truly sublime. The gladiator may disci-
pline his sinews, and almost compete in
strength even with his maddened adversary.
And there are moderns as well as ancient
names, which awaken pity, if not contempt,
for their owners, on account of the fearful
perversion of their splendid talents. But
when we read or hear of Howard, the illus-
trious philanthropist, the soul-debased as it
may be—bonds with instinctive homage, and
as if a ray from his beautified spirit illu-
minated and purified its purposes.—*Dr. Way-
land.*

PEOPLES.—The entire family of Mr. Pea-
body Addison, resident a few miles from
Wilmington, are lying in a critical situation
from the deleterious effects of corrosive sublimate,
sold them by some druggist of this city, and
mixed with their bread instead of saltwater.
—*Richmond Whig.*

From Ballou's Magazine. A TIME TO WEEP.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.
By sadness of countenance the heart is made bold.
—Ecc. i. 26.

'Tis well to weep when troubles come
And draw the darkened veil
Of sadness o'er the countenance,
When weary griefs assail.
As if an angel said:
"Be not so sad, for joy is good,
But weep it out, and then
'Tis folded bliss at God's decree,
To suffer for his sake."

He heaves a sigh when he groans
In anguish deep and wild,
He sheds a halo o'er his then,
As if an angel said:
"We know that death his sheltering wing
For us there's ample room,
Where we can rest all care away,
And banish from us gloom."

It is but right to weep with hope,
But never with despair;
The love of God is over us,
And round us every where;
And he'll sustain the son of faith
Beneath his mighty arm,
Until his feet shall press the shore
Of heaven's eternal calm.

From the Ladies' Wreath. SELF-CULTURE.

BY N. B. R.
Our Creator has endowed us with powers
intellectual and moral, which not only dis-
tinguish us from the irrational creation, but also
separate us from any affinity to it. These
powers are progressive, and susceptible of the
highest improvement. If brought under the
influence of culture, they are strengthened and
invigorated; if neglected, they speedily be-
come enfeebled and debased. Unless permitted
the exercise designed by Providence, they
decay and perish. He only who does what
he can to develop the powers of his intellect,
and to bring into active exercise the best
affections of his heart, answers the object of his
existence and fulfills his high destiny. Self-
culture is the grand instrument by which the
character of man is formed. It is the origin
of all true distinction, the source of all gen-
uine enjoyment. With it is connected our
dignity, our influence, our usefulness. Its
power over us is almost omnipotent. To bring
under proper discipline our intellectual and
moral faculties, to teach them to rely on their
own resources, to fit them for spontaneous and
harmonious action is an object of great impor-
tance, and deserving of our most careful con-
sideration.

"What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed?—a beast, no more.
Sure he has more within him, than his sense
Looking before and after, gives him out.
That capability and god-like reason
To rest in us unused."

For want of the proper culture, how much tal-
ent has been lost to the world. How much mis-
ery has been induced upon society! Many a
beautiful flower has been trampled.

"To bloom unseen,
And waste its sweetest on the desert air!"
How sad a spectacle it is to see the young
man yielding to the siren voice of temptation,
leading like the prodigal with wine, ex-
hausting his spirit of Divinity within him, de-
fecting the purposes of his Maker, and pre-
judging his glorious birthright to everlasting
disgrace and ruin!

The pursuit of knowledge is our duty and
our privilege. The powers of the mind itself
should urge us forward in the work of self-
culture. Man was created for thought, for in-
telligence, for endless mental elevation.—
There is that within him which is greater than
the whole material creation. He is the noblest
work of God. He alone has

"The great soul,
That struggling, fair would fly,
Like the imprisoned eagle pent within,
That struggling, fair would fly."

It is the mind of man that imparts to him his
highest dignity, that links him with the Creator
of the universe. Give to it the complete bal-
ance of all its powers, which a rigid discipline
is calculated to furnish, and who can estimate
its ability and adaptation to universal empire?
Cast your eye over the whole civilized world
and read its achievements, its conquests in
every department of life! They are written
upon marble—they are inscribed upon brass.
Where do we not see the triumphs of the mind?
What battlement is there on which its stand-
ards have not been planted? What height has
it not surveyed? What depth has it not ex-
plored? What towering mountain of heav-
enly pyralis has it not measured? What stub-
born resistance in the great field of science
has it not overcome—what in the whole range
of creation has been found sufficient to elude
its grasp?

There is a pleasure in mere intellectual ac-
tivity. When prosecuted upon proper prin-
ciples, the acquisition of knowledge yields a
calm satisfaction, and produces the highest
mental enjoyment. The uninterrupted pur-
suit and constant addition of new truths to our
mental stores, is often attended with more in-
trinsic pleasure than the acquisition of wealth,
power, or any other object that the world calls
desirable. Knowledge is the proper aliment
of the soul.

"For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his warring mother's active arms,
In foreign climes to rove—the pensive sage,
Headless of sleep, or midnight's hushful damp,
Hangs o'er the study's tapestry."

Does the sensualist enjoy life? Does the
inebriate drink in pleasure from the bowl?
Does vicious indulgence afford any substan-
tial bliss? Will not the man who is devoted
to animal gratification, tell you, if he is honest,
of the sufferings of excess, of the tortures of
remorse, of the clouded mind, the aching
head, the sinking frame? We would per-
ceive that the want of mental resources are
the occasion of his ignominious career. If we
were to trace the origin of his habits to their
true source. He had nothing within for en-
joyment, and he was compelled to look abroad
for objects of amusement. How many illu-
strations of the principle do we see in those who
have been reared in affluence, and indulged in
every gratification which caprice could suggest,
but whose minds remained uncultivated.—
They grew up in ignorance, destitute of resour-
ces within, with no desire for knowledge, with
no fondness for books, with no refined taste,

with no mental culture, they have plunged into
scenes of dissipation; they have proceeded
farther and farther in their irrational course,
until they have been consigned with a broken
constitution, into a premature grave, the vic-
tims of a suicide as certain and not less crimi-
nal, than that of him who falls upon his own
sword, and rushes unbidden into the pres-
ence of his Maker. Mental culture acts as a
preventive, as a protection against the assaults
of all temptation to destructive indulgence.—
Who has ever regretted that he cultivated his
mind or formed in his youth a taste for study,
that his hours were devoted by him to ration-
al mental enjoyment?

"How charming is Divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Intellectual endowments and mental acqui-
sitions, when accompanied, as they will be un-
der a true system of self-culture, with the cor-
responding development of the moral faculties,
have always awakened respect and secured
the admiration of mankind. Reverence among
all nations has ever been paid to the intellect.
A mind cultivated in the highest sense, receives
as a tribute the homage of the world. Super-
ior knowledge when known and proved, se-
cures to the possessor universal respect from
his contemporaries as well as from posterity.—
The influence that mental culture exerts over
social life is unbounded. A better illus-
tration of the fact cannot perhaps be found
than in the literary history of the great Eng-
lish moralist and the distinguished circle asso-
ciated with him in his intellectual labors.—
Such a man as Johnson could not live without
exerting an influence upon all with whom he
came in contact.

How much is there to urge us forward
in this way of self-culture! What facilities do
we possess for this purpose not enjoyed by
many who have preceded us, and who live in
other lands!

"Turn your steps
Where'er fancy leads, by day, by night—
You walk, you live, you speak
With an immortal eye; and looks are yours;
Within whose silent chambers treasures lie,
Reserved from age to age; more precious far,
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which for a day of need,
The sultan hides within ancestral tombs,
And music waits upon your slightest touch."
—*Faust's lines.*

How can you droop, if willing to be raised?"

"Never trust genius for that which can be
attained by labor."
—Only good and wise men can be friends;
others are but companions.
—There are two sides to almost every-
thing except a pancake, and that only has a
top and bottom.

"The man who does most has the least
time to talk about what he does."
—The greatest misfortune of life is old age
without the remembrance of virtue.
—Only weak minds allow their judgements
to be warped by sympathy or indignation.

"For the week past, not less than fifteen
thousand baskets of peaches have been daily
sent to New York from Delaware."

"A collier at New Orleans written on his
cards 'Merrill's' hair dressed on the short-
est notice, and a large assortment of false
tails for coats always on view in the show-
room."

"An illiterate person once sent a note to a
waggoner friend, requesting the loan of his
waggon paper, and received in return his friend's
marriage certificate!"

"Some 'fast youngsters wear blue coats
and brass buttons. This blue is indicative of
their feelings, brass buttons of their man-
ners."

"We once heard of a dog who had a
whistle which grew on the end of his tail.
He always called himself when he was want-
ed."

"Too many persons seem to use their religion
as a diver does his bell, to venture
down into the depths of worldliness with safety,
and there grope for pearls with just so
much of heaven's air as will keep them from
suffocating, and no more; and some, alas!
as at times in the case with divers, are suffo-
cated in the experiment."—*G. B. Cheever.*

"He that flings the colorings of a peevish
temper on things around him, will overlay
with the most blessed sunshine that ever
fell on terrestrial objects, and make them re-
fect the hues of his own heart; whereas he
whose soul flings out of itself the sunshine of
a benevolent disposition, will make it gild the
darkest places with a heavenly light."

"A tailor, while traveling on the lakes,
was lately asked by a Yankee, where he lived,
what his business was, &c., to which he re-
plied, that he lived in Toledo, and that his
profession was sitting on the smooth side of
poverty, and jerking out the cor of affliction."

"Find fault, when you must find fault, in
private, if possible; and some time after the
offense, rather than at the time. The blamed
are less inclined to resist when they are blamed
without witnesses. Both parties are calmer,
and the accused party is struck with the
forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the
fault, and watched for a private and proper
time for mentioning it."

"Every young man should remember that
the world will always honor industry. The
vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of
body and mind are rusting for occupation,
may look with scorn upon the laborer engaged
at his toil; but his scorn is praise, his con-
tempt honor."

"In youth the appetite for fame is strong-
est. It is cruel and inhuman to withhold the
sustenance which is necessary to the growth,
if not the existence, of genius, sympathy, en-
couragement, commendation."

"Intelligent conversation is the great charm
of man, the finest solace of intellectual labor,
and the simplest yet most effectual and de-
lightful mode of at once resisting and invigo-
rating the mind, whether wearied by study
or depressed by struggles with fortune."

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

J. AUSTIN SCOTT, Editor.

KEEPING BUILDINGS FROM SET- TLING.

An article in one of our exchanges, recom-
mends that houses built on clay soils, be kept
from settling by the following method:—Let
holes be dug at convenient distances, about
five feet deep. Let a flat stone be placed at
the bottom of each. Let an iron rod, with a
cast iron head, about six inches across each
end, (one to rest on the stone, and the other
to support the sill,) be placed in each hole,
for the building to rest on. Then fill up the
holes with tar-bark, around the iron rods.—
In this way, it is thought the house could not
be much disturbed by the frost, for the rods
would penetrate to a great depth below the
frost. The only possible fear—if the ground
were solid at the bottom—would be the length-
ening and shortening of the rods themselves
by heat and cold. This would not be very
great in rods of that length.

Such is the plan. In some cases, where
houses were not very heavy, and where no
cellars were needed, we think this plan
which might work well. But we fear it can
never be extensively introduced, for the fol-
lowing reasons:

1. It must be confined to frame houses.
Buildings of stone, or brick, could not be
supported in this way, because of their great
weight.

2. Even framed houses, with cellars under
them, could not be conveniently arranged in
this way, for allowance must be made for the
sinking of the cellar walls, by frost. This
would either leave a vacancy between the top
of the wall, and the sill, which would be un-
nerving, or the wall would shrink and swell
as usual, and the device would be useless.

With the exception, then, of a very few
buildings of wood, of small size, and without
cellars, we question where this device will be
successful. A thorough use of the old pre-
cautions must be depended on, and will, in
general, be sufficient. Select a dry spot to
build on. Dig down to solid ground, for the
base of your cellar wall. Build a firm wall,
of durable stone. Secure good drainage, and
keep the drain open. Conduct the water from
the roof away, so that it cannot soak into the
cellar wall. And then bank up your cellar
early, and thoroughly, so that the frost may
not get into the wall. Take all these pre-
cautions, and we think that even in a clay soil,
the cellar wall of a house will be very little
disturbed by the frosts of winter.

WATER IN BARN YARDS.—Such is the sol-
vent power of water, that if admitted in large
quantities into barn-yards, it will dissolve into
the earth, or into streams and ponds, a large
share of a fertilizing soil or manure. The man-
ure of stalls should be kept moist with the
urine of animals, and sufficient litter should
be used to absorb the whole of this, unless it
be preserved in a tank, to be used as a liquid
manure, the policy of which is thought to be
doubtful in this country, where labor is high.
The true proceeding for barn-yard manure is
to suffer it to be decomposed. If dry and hot,
it gives its nutritious gases to the winds; if
drenched, it loses its most fertilizing salts;
when either scorched or drenched it is decom-
posed faster, and does not remain in itself a
due portion of its enriching properties.—*Selected.*

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Press out the juice
from fair, well ripened blackberries, and allow
the juice to stand thirty-six hours to ferment,
skimming it frequently to remove the scum
and other impurities. To every gallon of
the juice, add one gallon of water, and twelve
pounds of sugar—brown sugar of an inferior
quality, will answer—and permit the liquor to
stand twenty-four hours in an open vessel;
skim, strain and barrel it till spring, then rack
off and bottle.—*German Town Telegraph.*

AGRICULTURAL IDEAS.—A correspondent of
the New England Farmer says:—Pumpkin
seeds should not be fed to much cows, unless
you wish them to decrease in milk. A gentle-
man in this vicinity has tried it, believes it,
and would have made it known earlier, but for
fear of ridicule.

A close chamber is a better place to keep
apples than a cellar. Apples bear freezing
once without injury, if they are not handled
thawed. Linen cloth laid on or around
apples, prevents injury from freezing.—
Apples have been found in good order in the
spring, that have lain in barrels under the
trees all winter. Roxbury Russets are con-
sidered the longest keepers.

Gathering fruit from the apple and current
trees, when green, or before they are fully
ripe, makes them more prolific the following
year.

Trees designed for clayey soils, do best
when transplanted in the spring.

Currents bear in three years from cuttings.
Apples bear in ten or fifteen years from seed,
usually in about twelve years.

TO PRESERVE HERBS.—All kinds of herbs
should be gathered on a dry day, just before,
or while in blossom. Tie them in bundles,
and suspend them in a dry, airy place, with
the blossoms downwards. When perfectly
dry, wrap the medicinal ones in paper, and
keep them from the air. Pick off the leaves
of those which are to be used in cooking,
pound and sift them fine, and keep the pow-
der in bottles, corked up tight.—*Selected.*

TO BAKEN A COW FROM SUCKING HERSELF.
—Take a small stick of hickory wood, about
eight inches long, about as thick as a man's
little finger, make it smaller in the middle
than at either end, take a sharp-pointed knife,
make a cut in the thin part of the cow's nose,
large enough for the pin to go in tight; grease
the stick a little; the cut will soon get well. It
is impossible for a cow to suck herself while
the pin is in. She will soon forget it, and the
pin can then be removed. It is far preferable
to wearing a yoke.—*German Town Tel.*